

# ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

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For the Herald and Journal.

**NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.**  
Obsequies of the late President—Death of Sir Robert Peel—Dedication of New Church—Death of Margaret Fuller.

New York, July 25, 1850.

DEAR BRO. STEVENS:—As is recorded in the Book of the Lord, on occasion of the death of Samuel, "And Samuel died, and all the Israelites were gathered together and lamented him;" so we may say the whole of our country weeps, on account of the departure from this material scene of our late President; and while we are in tears the people of Great Britain mourn the sudden loss of one of her greatest statesmen, Sir Robert Peel—both nations bewailing at the same time a public calamity in each, is not of ordinary occurrence; it is also to be observed, these distinguished men were summoned to another state of being with but brief time for preparation. In the case of General Taylor, his sickness was only five days in continuance, and Sir Robert Peel left the coasts of this world in a very few days after, being thrown from his horse. How admonitory to every class, station, rank! eminent public services form no bulwark against the assaults of the great conqueror, and men high in office, as well as humble citizens, should set their house in order while time and the means of salvation are granted.

Although these sudden dispensations form very fit subjects for moralising, that was not my intention when I resorted to ink and paper, but rather to give your readers some account of the obsequies celebrated last Tuesday. The death of a chief magistrate of the United States is of rare occurrence, and a decent respect to the office, to say nothing of the late worthy incumbent, calls for extraordinary solemnities on the part of the people; there are hundreds belonging to various public societies, to the military regiments, and to numerous institutions, corporate and otherwise, who pay but little attention to their ordinary ceremonies and parades, but when the ashes of a President are to be given to earth, every member seems to feel it an imperative duty to join in the tribute of respect, and thus the ranks of the mourners are extraordinary full. Preparations for the solemnities had been going on for more than ten days previous to last Tuesday; in one newspaper there were twenty-one notices of the assembling of various Odd fellows and Temperance lodges alone, and so of other institutions. Calls were very numerous; indeed every class, much to their credit, seemed desirous to unite in the ceremony.

The obsequies took place on the 23d instant; the whole of the arrangements were under the superintendence of a committee of aldermen and assistant aldermen; there was one grand marshal and thirty-five aids, selected from various classes; there were thirty pall bearers, (corresponding with the number of States of our Union,) among them many ex-mayors of New York, judges and ex-judges, ex-sheriffs, &c. All the pall bearers were citizens most respected for age, worth, and other qualities that dignify man; there were sixteen grand divisions, each led by an aid of the grand marshal and other aids appointed by the leader of the division; in these were marshalled in due order the military, various societies, fraternities, brotherhoods, clubs, associations, orders, unions, assemblies, committees, lodges, &c. &c.; the number of one hundred and thirty separate bodies, without the troops—and the number of souls was of course very great. Some estimate it at fifteen thousand—and the procession is said to have been over seven miles in length; it occupied full two hours in passing.

The day was one of unusual solemnity; the doors and shops were closed, and business ceased; the fronts of all the public buildings and a number of private dwellings were dressed in mourning, many of them in a gorgeous style, with large draperies of black, relieved by white textures, rosettes, garlands, wreaths; and festoons of dark colors were seen on all sides, with busts and pictures of the lamented dead shrouded in slate cases. With these were interspersed on the faces of the houses various suitable devices and mottoes, many of them the last words of the late President: "I am prepared"—"I have endeavored to do my duty." There were numerous inscriptions: "We mourn our loss," &c. That on the Irving House, in letters of gold and black velvet ground, is worthy of being particularly noted in the book of memory:

"The actions of the just  
Preserve for aye, their rich perfume  
Smell sweet, and blossom from the dust."

It may be remarked, the day of the celebration was very hot, tempered however by a pleasant breeze.

The 23d of July will be long remembered in the annals of our city for one of the most imposing pageants that ever graced its busy streets and broad avenues, but I trust with the remembrance of all this pomp there will be mixed profitable reflections on the certainty of death, and the uncertainty of the time thereof, and the necessity of being prepared for our great change.

The new Pewed Church, in the flourishing village of Williamsburgh, on the shores of the East River, just opposite New York, is to be dedicated by Bishop Morris this afternoon; the church is of brick, 55 feet by 75, of the Grecian style of architecture, with a steeple; it is under the pastoral charge of Rev. E. L. Jones, twin brother of Bishop James. Bishop Morris appears in good health; I am told he leaves New York next Friday morning.

Sarah Margaret Fuller, well known and highly estimated in literary circles, has passed suddenly to another world. She was drawn from Leghorn, bound to New York, and wrecked in the great storm last Friday, off the South shore of Long Island, near Fire Island. The ship was broken to pieces; Mr. Henry Sumner, of your city, and others perished. The news of this melancholy event, occurring at this particular juncture, has added another pang of grief to the sorrowing heart of our city.

It is known, I presume, that Miss Fuller married at Rome, Giovanni, Marquis d'Oselli; her husband and child perished with her in the ill-fated vessel. The departed lady for some time took part in conducting of the "Tribune," with particular reference to the department of criticism, and I have frequently read her pieces with pleasure. When at the Eternal City, herself and consort joined in the struggle for liberty; her letters describing the scenes of that revolution were published in the Tribune, and were read with interest by hundreds; they were vivid pictures of those trying scenes, original, brilliant, and filled with ardent aspirations for the liberty of the country of her chosen husband; she is said to have been admirable in conversation, and excelled as much, if not more, in that than in the use of the pen; indeed, she

was characterised by many as "the best talker since De Steal."

It is truly melancholy to think upon the circumstances attending her death: to be buried in the ocean's depths, far from home is distressing; to be dashed to pieces upon the rocks of a distant coast is shocking; but to be hurried to eternity, in the very sight of our native land, when just about to embrace loved ones waiting on the shore, is heart-rending in the extreme; and must, unless the consolation of grace be realized by the departing spirit, add bitterness to the cup of death.

OTHNIEL.

For the Herald and Journal.

**SING SING CAMP MEETING.**

The Tents—Preachers' Accommodations—Character of the Meeting.

Towards the close of our Annual Conference at Kennebunkport, I took it into my head to take a trip to New York, and to spend a little season at Sing Sing Camp Meeting, 25 miles above the city. The location of the meeting is very good, on the high lands about two miles from the river, in a delightful grove.

The circle of tents was as usual, with quite an ordinary stand for the preachers. In addition to the usual circle of tents, there was at the left from the stand quite a village of tents, extending back in one place ten deep, to the number in all, of over a hundred; and as I was informed, I did not count them. The most of these tents were ordinary and small, nothing to be compared to Eastham tents, but the preachers were supplied with a noble tent, in the form of a Cone, some 40 or 50 feet high, carpeted, and well furnished with beds and bedding for all the preachers that attend; this is all furnished, I understand by the Camp Meeting Committee, but no provisions are furnished that I know of, by the committee. Strangers have the privilege of securing their provisions at the boarding tents, at New York prices, or if by chance they are found out, and are invited to some tent, as I was, they will find excellent entertainment, free of expense. There was one other tent, in the form of the preachers' tent, inscribed on the side in large capitals, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." This tent, I believe, belongs to one of the companies from New York city. This was open at the base, and was an excellent place for public prayer meetings and preaching, when it rains. The devotion in this tent, so far as I am capable of judging, were about right. This tent's company conducted as though they meant, by the grace of God, to do something; sinners there, were invited forward for prayers at an early stage of the meeting and were converted. Others that were anxious for full salvation came forward at the same time, and it was a cause of rejoicing to witness the conversion of sinners, and the sanctification of believers at the same time. Those that labored there understood their business right well; they did not tarry long to rejoice over those that were saved, but labored right on with all their might for the salvation of others. When they prayed, they prayed as though they expected to be heard and answered directly; and when they sang, they sang aloud and spared not.

For the first time for twenty-five years, I found myself at a camp meeting so much of a stranger, that not one person present knew me! I had seen Dr. Bangs before, but he did not recognize me. There were none of course to give me my hard-earned title, "Camp Meeting John." However, I was not at all displeased at that; I did finally, by some effort make them understand that I had been at a camp meeting before. Bro. Raymond and Bro. Mudge, from Wilbraham, and two brethren from New Hampshire, arrived before I left, with whom I had some acquaintance at other places.

I trust the people at Sing Sing had a great and glorious time, before the meeting closed; no doubt we shall have an account from some other source. Let us all rally at our camp meetings this fall, and see if the Lord will not open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. May the Lord grant it, for Christ's sake.

JOHN ALLEN.

For the Herald and Journal.

**LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.**

San Francisco, June 17, 1850.

MR. EDITOR:—Never having written a single line to you since I arrived in this country, I now venture to do so; and I must say at the commencement that I must be very brief. For the first time, a day or two since, I learned from Bro. Taylor, that he had not communicated with me, that he had not communicated with the Board of Missions. Consequently, I think that you may be interested in hearing some facts from California. Remote as we are from the East, the land of our homes—far, far out in this Western coast—still the ties that bind us to kindred ones at home, move us to think, and act and feel, as though we were still in your midst. Distance but strengthens friendship, and often enhances the value of distinguished privileges.

Among the privileges which every good citizen prizes most highly, is the religious and educational. The first of these have kept pace with the growth of this city, and the last named has not been quite forgotten.

We have in San Francisco a very fine Methodist Episcopal Church, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and two Protestant Episcopal churches. Our own church is, as it has been its dedication, a prosperous state.

It is true that the number of conversions has been as numerous as in many of your churches at home, but still in every other respect it is as prosperous as could be expected in this very new field of operations. And here I must say, that I have never seen so persevering and indefatigable a man as Bro. Taylor. He has not only exerted himself in building the church in which we now worship, but has also succeeded in building another at San Jose, the seat of Government during the session of the Legislature. He has also done much toward erecting another chapel in this city, which is now in progress. In fact he is just the man adapted to the work of the Methodist ministry in California.

The Baptists have a large and prosperous society, and a temporary chapel building. The Presbyterian society is small in number, and they are about erecting a substantial building in which to worship. The Congregationalist society have a very neat and pretty chapel, and are advancing the interest of Zion vigorously.

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A man of frigid (?) piety will not thus speak. He has no taste for it—no warm affections urge him to it. Such a minister would thus work against nature, and do violence to his own feelings.

More than this, such discourses would condemn his life and conduct. Will a man announce his own condemnation? Does truth require it? He will be very likely to soften that truth—to file off the rough corners. Here originated heresy and false creeds which for ages

but little as yet; we have one very large and fine Public School in San Francisco, under the care of a very able teacher, Mr. Felton. The school is supported at the expense of the city, and contains over one hundred scholars. The city government have made provisions for a yearly income to support all the necessary schools in the city. There are several other schools that are not supported at the public expense.

Temperance too, is not quite forgotten in this land of dissipation. There have been several Temperance meetings held in our chapel, as well as in the Baptist house, and a Temperance Society has been formed.

The Pacific Tract Society is marching on in the great work of scattering light and truth. And the Bible Society also, are prosecuting their labors as becomes men of God—laying the foundation of a structure, the grandeur of which can only be perceived in years yet to come. Indeed, sir, working Christian men are the same in California as they are elsewhere, and stable Christians are like single bright stars in the firmament of moral darkness. Alas! sir, how many forget God in this ungodly country.

I would gladly write you more, but my time is limited, and many defects in my letter forbids my extending it.

I remain yours truly,

ROBERT KELLEN.

For the Herald and Journal.

**SANCTIFICATION AND THE PULPIT.**

"Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul, We're on the earth, would appear and own, Paul should himself direct me. \* \* \* I would express him simple, grave, sincere; I would make him uncorrupt; in language plain, And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste, And natural in gesture; much impressed Himself, as conscious of his awful charge, And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds May feel it too."—THE TASK.

We delight to trace the influence of exalted spirituality on all the relations of human life. Its hallowed influence will be felt on a man's entire character and the minutest events of his earthly history. Nothing that can affect a moral and immortal being will be too insignificant for the notice of such godliness. This truth may be clearly observed in the life of a minister who participates in this enabling and precious experience. He remains no longer the man he was without it. It changes and beautifies his whole nature and conduct. His loftiest outward deeds and most silent inner movements, met out in a new spirit. A tender, mellowed and benevolent aspect has been given to his character.

The genial warmth and devotion of the rapt spirit that burns about the throne, are his. He has become deeply earnest in all his ministrations.

But let us notice the influence of exalted spiritual attainments on the *Pulpit*. We are well aware that some are disposed to render the effect too intense and visible to the eye of the world. Others, again, would make it a matter too insignificant. We ought to avoid both these extremes; ardent and perfect piety will be clearly seen and appreciated in the pulpit by the spiritually minded. It is, necessarily, at first a mere conviction, which however, soon passes into a rich experience, and this experience becomes manifest to men. The change from a meagre to an exalted state of piety in the ministry will become apparent in various ways.

1. *Perfect piety will impart to the minister, a clearer perception of evangelical truth.*

To such a mind and heart the Gospel system will be presented with greater perspicuity; his teachings from the desk will possess a beautiful simplicity; antiquated truths will lose their barrenness to the hearer, and old, apostolic verities, issuing from his mind with a glowing fervency, seem singularly rich and full of interest and novelty; yet that novelty will appear so simple and grow so naturally out of the subject or text, that his captivated auditors will be astounded that their dulness never observed it before. So simple, silent, and yet effective, his words will fall on the ear and penetrate the heart as the dews of Hermon visit and refresh the tender herb.

A sanctified mind will possess a clearer perception of truth appropriate to particular times and occasions; a species of knowledge most important to a minister. Lacking this, the intellectual might of an Edwards and the burning ardor of a seraph will be of no avail.

A successful minister no less than a successful husbandman, must be appropriate—scatter his seed at the right season. He wishes to reach the minds of men at a certain temperature and under a peculiar phase. But his own spirit, sewing as a thermometer, must determine the degree of temperature and the desired position. It need hardly be said that fervent piety gives that insight into minds and circumstances. How can the devout minister feel the deeply spiritual portion of his flock? He must set before them a cold and tasteless morsel, while he should lead them into green pastures and beside still waters. Having never walked the high places of Zion, he is unable to describe her pleasure paths. Having never participated in the pure joys of perfect love he is not competent to depict the emotions that swell and the pleasures that enrapture a holy soul. He is in a strange region, and singularly inept to the duties about him.

But now let him become a devoutly pious man and he will be at home; discovering the propriety and relation of certain things that were before dark. No longer eking out a cold, spiritless philosophy, he will break to his people the warm bread of life.

Never till this change come will he see the

Gospel to be the great agent, and the only agent for the salvation of men; but having experienced its power in the renovation and purification of his own heart, he will confidently anticipate the same result upon other hearts.

2. *A sanctified minister will often urge on his audience the most spiritual and heart-searching truths the Bible presents.*

These truths are in unison with his own feelings—they are warmly cherished in his own heart. He loves to preach them, because they are the spontaneous outbursts of his soul. They are like fires pent up in his heart; and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." A man of frigid (?) piety will not thus speak.

He has no taste for it—no warm affections urge him to it. Such a minister would thus work against nature, and do violence to his own feelings.

More than this, such discourses would condemn his life and conduct. Will a man announce his own condemnation? Does truth require it?

He will be very likely to soften that truth—to file off the rough corners. Here originated heresy and false creeds which for ages

have afflicted the church. Men were not willing to be spiritual, nor to permit a discrepancy between their creed and practice; hence comes the ocean's depths, far from home is distressing; to be dashed to pieces upon the rocks of a distant coast is shocking; but to be hurried to eternity, in the very sight of our native land, when just about to embrace loved ones waiting on the shore, is heart-rending in the extreme; and must, unless the consolation of grace be realized by the departing spirit, add bitterness to the cup of death.

3. *A sanctified minister will love his work.*

Nothing will be so dear to him as the work of the Lord; and if he ever manifested a word of resignation, it is when God removes him from the vineyard and lays him aside as some useless agent. He loves the work because God's glory is uppermost in his mind.

An unsanctified and even an unholly minister may love the work; but not for the Lord's sake. The glitter of wealth, popularity, numbers, may enkindle and nourish this passion. But when the field of toil is obscure or remote from the gaze of men, the task becomes irksome and unpleasant. But on the pure heart, these groveling motives exert no influence; the eye is on God, and the eternal weal of souls. The most obscure field has a pleasant aspect, and if God be there to save souls, no region can be more rich or possess more hallowed interest. The Sabbath, in place of being a weariness, is his delight, the sanctuary, his home—"a day in the courts of the Lord."

4. *He will be tender and sympathetic in the announcement of truth.*

We are commanded to preach the whole truth, but to do it in the spirit of kindness and love. The religion of Heaven is one of love, and to be propagated principally by this noble agency. This spirit pervades the Bible, and is engraven on the heart of the true disciple.

Where love rules the heart, there will be sympathy for others. "Weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice." Here is the influence of a minister's warfare.

His secret power. The man who can be assailed with no other weapon, falls by this. "Call it weakness if you will; it is the power of God."

Go, play your intellectual engine; but you will find the human soul a sealed fortress, impregnable. The cold, intellectual sceptic will remain still the warm and gushing affections move him. He looks down from his bulwarks, upon your petty artillery with contempt—laughs to scorn; but, search out and penetrate the avenue to his heart, and he yields himself a willing captive to the grace of Christ.

The tenderness and sympathy here noticed are derived only from choice. The affections are enkindled by a deeper, warmer piety. Let me bring my fire from the altar of God, then will it burn with an intense and steady ardor, and pour forth its genial warmth on all about me. My own inflamed affections, becoming interwoven with other hearts, will urge them on to God and heaven.

5. *His utterances will be earnest and persuasive.*

Truths of the most awful import, issuing from a putrid heart and a frigid lip, will be regarded with indifference. Men graduate the importance of truth by the mode of its announcement; were trifles, that can make a man earnest will attract attention, while the most sacred and awful verity, handled without zeal will inspire contempt. The first canon of homiletics is, *be earnest*. He earnest and men will hear—fruit will be reaped. A great writer sums up, at

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1850.

## THE COMPROMISE DEFEATED!

Our readers will notice in the Congressional Proceedings and in the Review of the Week the grateful fact that the Compromised Bill has been virtually defeated—as only the provision for a Territorial Government in Utah remains. Thus ends this prolonged struggle and most unstatesmanlike farago of heterogeneous measures. Every lover of liberty should be thankful that our history is saved the disgraceful record of its passage. What will be the next course of the Senate is uncertain; but we most earnestly hope that the Northern members will give no quarter hereafter to any such disingenuous and complicated schemes. Let every question stand or fall according to its own right and individual merit, and by the pure and simple constitutional process of fair debate and fair vote. The only honest solution for all such difficulty is the constitutional vote of majorities. Let that test be applied, and whatsoever section of the nation refuses to abide the result, let it be denounced as treasonable, and promptly brought to its sense by the executive power appointed by the Constitution for the protection of the country and enforcement of the laws. This is the only course befitting our national dignity and self respect. If this be impracticable—if our nationality be a mere pretension, the sooner we know it the better; but it is not a mere pretension—it is an invincible reality: if our leading statesmen—our Clays and Websters—boldly rebuked the culpable, insurrectionary menaces of the Southern demagogues, and magnanimously asserted the integrity of the Constitution, instead of whining at and succumbing to Southern threats, the men who have naturalized the language of treason in the legislative halls of the country would have shrunk abashed under the rebuke and the echo with which it would have been reverberated back to the capital from the loyal millions of the people.

It will be seen by the proceedings of Thursday that Mr. Clay did his duty in this respect towards Texas and South Carolina, and apparently with good effect.

## THE DISCIPLINE IN THE SOUTH.

Our brother editor at Richmond accuses us of exaggeration in our late article headed "The Discipline Re-published in the South." He argues about it we had said, "by the South," instead of "in the South." But that is his mistake, not ours; and we cannot be responsible to teach him grammar and rules of interpretation. Besides, after wording rightly our heading, we gave the actual facts in the case, viz., the proceedings of the Columbia Quarterly Conference, thereby exemplifying what we meant.

Dr. Lee shows his disposition to co-exist with the ultra South, in its hostility to the ninth section of the Discipline, and we can hardly doubt now the fate of that section when we hear it denounced from so near the border. He says—"Southern Methodists respect the memory of those who drew up 'the ancient testimony of Methodism' against slavery; but they believe its authors fell into a great error in incorporating any such 'testimony' in the Book of Discipline. They were departing from the line of duty, and sowing seeds of evil, whose bitter fruits are enough to make them groan in their graves. The harvest of that seed-time has severed Methodism; and left its Southern half to repair its errors by a return to the original and only safe position of a church to the subject; i.e., instead of legislating against slavery, to leave it where it rightfully belongs, under the jurisdiction of civil government, and devote its energies to bring all, bound and free, to the fellowship of a common salvation in Christ."

It is enough to provoke the righteous indignation of a saint to see so often reiterated by our Southern press this stolid nonsense that the church must not interfere with a heinous moral wrong because the civil legislature has to do with it. What would have become of the temperance cause if this is true? What of the whole Reformation itself? Must the church indeed be dumb in respect to gambling, prostitution, &c., in countries where they are sanctioned by law? What sheer fanaticism!

The evils ascribed by Dr. Lee to the action of our fathers against slavery are presented with equal sophistry. It is slavery itself that is responsible for the division of the church, not their righteous testimony against it; and had their original stringent laws against it been more faithfully maintained, it never would have dominated over the church and brought upon us the disasters we have recently suffered.

## THE "KNOCKINGS."

We have amused our readers with some account of the "mysterious knockings;" the papers continue to relate marvelous stories about them, and some of our highest literary men seem to be at their "wit's end" respecting them. The New York Tribune has opened its columns for the discussion of the subject quite freely. A writer lately gave in that sheet a narrative of his visit to Barham's. At the first interview the communications were very unsatisfactory to his "skeptical" mind; but when interrupted and confused, owing it was alleged to the want of order among the visitors. He therefore repeated his visit in the afternoon with well prepared and "certain test questions"—such as "would certainly satisfy himself, as well as others." The result was as follows:—

The first spirit communication received itself as being that of a near relative—indicated the name, sex, the degree of relationship that had existed, the number of years since it had left the body, its age at that period, and the name of the place where the earthly remains are now deposited. It must be borne in mind, that we are nearly satisfied at the time of the correctness of these facts, and that the spirit of the deceased had arrived at the time of the communication.

The remarks quoted from the Western Advocate are an example of that species of sophistry by which a writer may say nothing but what is true, and yet for want of saying enough convey an entirely false thought; the gentleman referred to did precisely what we have done; viz.: stated the marvelous facts alleged, showed that he *saw* them himself, yet would not avow that they were the effects of supernatural agency, but not being able to attempt a solution of these left the mystery with a bare allegation of the facts and his inability to explain them, whereas the above statement, unquestioned as it is, will naturally convey the idea that he believed the whole an imposture.

The other "Methodist preacher" referred to was one of the companions of our visit to Stratford. He started with the common disbelief of the facts; spent about an hour at Dr. Phelps', witnessing none of the phenomena, and continued on his way home to New York, still disbelieving, of course. These were "all his investigations."

The reflection on Dr. Phelps, impeded this gentleman, we do doubt; at least, nothing that occurred during our visit would authorise it from any gentleman, and no one that knows the venerable Doctor will need a refutation of it. The reference then to this "other Methodist minister" conveys also a wrong idea; it seems to imply that he instituted a competent, local investigation, and arrived at the conclusion that the case was one of imposition; whereas, he originally disbelieved these marvels, as most who read of them do, made a transient visit at Stratford on his way home, during which he saw nothing of them, and continued to disbelieve as before. This is all—and this is very natural.

Now our readers will understand from all we have said on the subject, that we do not believe in any supernatural importance in these wonders, but we have as much respect for the judgment of those who do so believe as for that of those who refute the whole case by the logical formula, that "It cannot be true, because it cannot be true." All that we contend for is, that the evidence elicited at the interviews of Drs. Francis, Hawks and Bryant, Willis, Cooper, Channing, &c., in New York, and the testimony which we have recorded of the Stratford case, present claims on the investigation of the scientific and learned, and may yet find a solution in the scientific developments of the admitted, though as yet somewhat occult principles of Animal Magnetism.

\* See the able work of Dr. Moore, of London, on "The Mind and Body," in Harper's Magazine.

## THE DISCIPLINE—THE BORDER.

We mentioned lately that the reason why the St. Louis General Conference did not erase the anti-slavery section, was not their convictions of its importance, but a fear that its abrogation would produce trouble on the border. Dr. Lee, of the Richmond Advocate, confirms fully our statement. In reference to the discussions of the subject in the Southern Christian Advocate, he says:—"And we are persuaded many who voted against the resolution to expunge the section did so to prevent evil on the border, not to produce it in South Carolina, or elsewhere in the South. For ourself we may say it was this that influenced our vote. We have no affinities for the section, and no wish to retain it, except, in so far, as its retention may be desired by others. We know something of the difficulties in South Carolina. But though they might not prove any long embroilment; or might be removed by an explanatory note. But we fear this is not at all remarkable, brother editor; those who are right usually oppose the wrong, those who are in the wrong are generally disposed to compromise with evil."

When I first heard of these mysterious operations, I was surprised at nothing so much as at the credence with which they were received. Scores of persons went to witness them filled with skepticism, and returned convinced, or at least confounded. I had no doubt whatever that the whole thing was a deception, but the difficulty was in proving it to be so. I must confess that my curiosity

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therefore, we intended by our vote to protect that section of the church from the inroads of those "who lie in wait to deceive." We know that how we voted is a small affair. But more than one member of the South Carolina Conference has, in a private way, expressed his surprise at the vote we gave. For their information, as well as for the general subject, we have given this statement.

## INCREASE OF MEMBERS.

The London Watchman states the increase of the membership in the Wesleyan Church at home to be about 10,000, and including the Missions, the increase will exceed 15,000. It adds: the number of actual members under the care of the British Conference approached, last year, very near to half million, and what may be termed the "wear and tear" of such a vast body cannot be calculated, at less than twenty-five thousand: we believe this will be found much below the true state of the case. Therefore, any increase can be reported, this number must be added, and certainly more than forty thousand have been united to our societies in the twelvemonth ending with March last. We devoutly thank God and take courage, gratefully exclaiming,—"the best of all, is God in us."

## ANOTHER COUPTEUR IN GERMANY.

Brother Jacob having asked authority to employ the second coopteur, and the Corresponding Secretary having advised the Board that an aged brother had pledged the requisite amount to cover the expense for two years, and actually paid for one year, the Board granted the authority asked. We now have three, three, two, coopteurs, and a semi-monthly paper in our Foreign German Mission.

## MEETINGS OF THE BOARD.

Meetings of our Missionary Board were held on the 17th and 22d, at which much interesting and important business was transacted. Among the resolutions passed were the following:—To publish the report of Bros. Bastion in sections, in the Advocate and Journal, with a request that they be transferred to our several church papers; and the following in relation to the late excellent Mrs. Bastion:—

1. Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with Brother Bastion in the sad bereavement he has experienced while on his mission, in the loss of his only child and beloved in the family of his wife, who died toiling at her post and physical labour, old and spent, counter-

and kindly to each of them. Her insanity was cured. Before I left town I instructed her physician and her mother how to Mesmerise her, so that either of them could in a moment put her to sleep and keep her in state twelve or eighteen hours at a time. But the most remarkable thing remained to be done. She was Mesmerised in a Mesmeric sleep; her eyes assumed their natural position; she perspired freely, and all symptoms of insanity vanished in a moment. After about ten minutes I told her to open her eyes, look around her, and see her mother and myself. She did so, and then, with a smile, said, "I am well again." After a few moments she went into a Mesmeric sleep; her eyes assumed their natural position; she perspired freely, and all symptoms of insanity vanished in a moment. After about ten minutes I told her to open her eyes, look around her, and see her mother and myself. She did so, and then, with a smile, said, "I am well again." 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## For the Herald and Journal.

## THE "COMPROMISE."

The nation mourns; indignant tears she sheds,  
O'er sages lifted to her Congress' halls:  
There, consciences are less by half than heads,  
And half of those for Christian pity calls,  
So much they seem like convicts 'mured in walls,  
Whose eyes but seldom see the light of day,  
And when perchance they do, it coldly falls  
Through damps which steal its beauty all away;  
If on them light e'er gleams, its rays fall far astray.

The nation mourns that heath her banner proud,  
The corn-fed slave still clanks his galling chain;  
That freedom's pinions here must wear a shroud,  
And freedom's soil be cursed with Slavery's stain;  
Yet senators contend for more domain,  
To soak and waste with human blood and tears;  
While neither bondsmen's toil, nor sighs, nor pain,  
Nor even tears, nor virtuous women's fears,  
Has sought eloquence to pierce their leaden ears.

Room for a wider trade in human flesh,  
In souls and bodies which our God made free,  
The South demands; a virgin soil, all fresh  
And sweet a childhood's native purity,  
She asks of freedom; which henceforth may be  
The prison-house of mind—the region fell,  
Whence right, and innocence, and peace shall flee;  
Where man degraded to a beast may dwell—  
America's disgrace—oppression's darkest hell.

No counsel Pandemonium ever saw  
Plotted a darker scheme for human woe,  
And lest the damning plot should have a flaw,  
The "sage of Ashland" to the chair must go,  
Plan and present the snare; for who like him should  
know

How to decoy the giants of the land.

With earnest words, and periods which flow,  
As smooth as zephyrs on an evening balm,—

So smooth that e'en a Webster stoops to kiss his hand!

"A compromise," demands the gray haired sage,  
"And this alone the Union can preserve."

A compromise in this enlightened age.

With dark opposition 't will now more swerve

From its fixed law; and clash with iron nerve.

God's workmanship beneath the very dust.

Than crime should cease to punishment deserve!

O blinded conscience! When shall man's vile lust

No more bed his eyes, or rend him unjus?

Time-honored Clay! thy toiling Ashland slaves,

Though "fat and sleek!" have cursed thee until now;

Thy conscience 'gainst oppression no more raves;

The mark of Slavery is on thy brow;

Thy lofty soul by it is made to bow,

As it for years has done, 'till its dread blight

Has settled on thy soul; no more dost thou

Perceive and feel the good, the just, the right,—

Righteous, yet groping for the pillars in thy might.

Thy friends have oft, but vainly strove to raise

Thee to the power which rules this mighty land;

Go, learn the cause of these most strange delays—

The country looked to see them firmly stand

For God and right—in vain!—her mighty hand

Unloosed its hold on him who dare succumb

To Slavery's heart-stealed and cruel hand;

She spurns the mighty, if his lips be dumb,

When man's first, dearest rights into discussion come.

O, Webster! fallen star! for thee keen burns

The good man's cheeks with glow of many shame,

The son of sorrow no more hopeful turns

His languid eye to thee that expect to blame,

To curse thy deeds, thy might, thy very name:

New England mourns thy deep-laid, traitor's deed,

Which dooms to infamy thy sul'd fame;

That thou for Slavery shouldst vote and plead,

Has caused thy warmest friends to weep—their hearts to bleed.

Should that fair land, where liberty now reigns,

One day be pressed by bondmen's bleeding feet,

Should scalding tears fall on those sunny plains,

As families are parted, ne'er to meet

Till their sad life is closed; how will then greet

They measures then? on whom will fall the woe,

Which, like a quenchless fire, shall scathe and eat

The soul of him who gave the fatal blow,

Which doomed e'en unbon millions sought but wrongs to know.

The nation mourns, yet hope sits on her brow;

She lifts to heaven her prayer with beating heart;

Her Hates and Swards none can cause to bow

Before oppression; no designing art

Of sophistry can make them take a part

In this vile compromise to chain the race;—

Arise! ye frenzied, no more the smart

Of self-reproach; but let the deep disgrace

Rest where it is inscribed—the statesman's ample face.

W. F.

## From the New York Evangelist.

## WATER!

\* Water! water! cries the bird,  
With his singing, gentle note;  
And the liquid cry he heard  
Pouring from the little throat;

Water! water! clear and sweet!  
"Te-weet! Te-weet!"

Water! water! roars the ox,  
While it rushes at his side,  
Down among the mossy rocks  
Ripping with its crystal tide;

Water! water! pure and true!  
"Moo! Moo!"

Water! water! said the tree,  
With its branches spreading high;

"Water! water!" rustled he,  
For his leaves were very dry;

Water! water! for the tree!  
Pure and free!

Water! water! said the flower,  
Whispering with its perfumed breath;

"Let me have it in an hour,  
Ere I thristing drop in death!

Water, water, soft and still,  
Is my will!"

Water! water! said the grain,  
With its yellow head on high;

And the spreading fertile plain,  
Ripening, joined the swelling cry;

Water for the grains of gold!  
Wealth untold!

Water! water! sparkling, pure,  
Giveth Nature every where—

If you drink it, I am sure  
It will never prove a snare!

Water is the thing for me—

Yes! and thee!

Water! water! Young and old!  
Drink it crystal-like and sweet!

Never heed the tempter bold—

Crush him underneath your feet!

Water! water! Youth, for thee—

These and me!

## POLITENESS AT HOME.

Always speak with the utmost politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil every where else except at home; but there they are coarse and rude enough. I trust you will never be one of these.

Titles of respect, too, should not be forgotten. "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," sound much better, as well as much more refined and well-bred than the blunt "Yes," and "No," which very many children in these days are accustomed to use.

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and deportment towards their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless and peculiar charm.—Selected.

## CHILDREN.

A DYING FATHER'S ADVICE  
TO HIS INFANT SONS. LEFT ON RECORD.

MY DEAR, DEAR SONS:—Already, your mother slumbers in the tomb. I shall in all probability continue but a very few days on earth. Thus you will early be deprived of a father's and mother's instructions, sympathies and cares.

None can feel for you as parents do. They, while you are in the mere bud of childhood, will lay side by side in the dreary, yet lovely tomb, while you wander in cheerless orphanage. You will be well provided for, while your grandparents live; but O, the precariousness of human life. Is it to me a painful thought, that they too, soon must leave you—as the weight of years, the infirmities of life begin to weigh heavily upon them, and thus you will be left to course life's fearful sea, full of dangers alone. One thought checks the agonizing sigh, it is that you are in the hands of God. Your parents have consecrated you to him, confident that he will take care of you. Obey the earliest impressions of the Holy Spirit on your hearts, and sanctify it to their spiritual and everlasting good.

S. CUSHING.

Lynn, July 25.

Died of dropsy in the chest, in Palmer, Mass., at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Enos Calkins, June 27. Mrs. LOUISA CLOUGH, aged 65 years. Sister Clough has been an acceptable and worthy member of the M. E. Church for more than twenty years, and though called early to undertake it, and then let nothing deter you from carrying it through. Cultivate a taste for reading, and never pass over a word or sentence in any book without thoroughly understanding it if possible.

It is not the number of books you read, but the amount of knowledge gained, which will constitute you truly learned. Select historical and religious works principally, discarding most works of fiction. They deserve a taste for useful study and sound reading, and transport a person away from the real, to a fanciful or ideal world. The poisonous trash is scattered up and down the earth, poisoning the streams of virtue and religion, which otherwise might thrive. Whether in pamphlets, books or papers, read them not.

Be sure get an education. Bend your energies to the accomplishment of this end, and heaven prospering, you cannot fail. It will benefit you in time, and if rightly improved, will through eternity. Go through a collegiate course, if possible, not merely for its honors, but for the mental discipline and key of knowledge to be thus obtained. Remember "knowledge is power." Early commit your thoughts to writing. It is as essential and necessary a part of an education to learn to impart as to gain knowledge.

In almost all writing you will find chaff and wheat. Cut out the good, give to the winds the bad. Cultivate your musical powers, that may become sweet singers. Let your aims and purposes be high, or you will not be likely to ascend high. Be generous. Never see a fellow creature suffer from want if you can relieve. God loveth a cheerful, (i.e.) a free giv'er.

Be economical; but never save from what duty requires you to give; but from any thing else. Engage fearlessly in the real (not spurious) philanthropic exercises of your times. Be careful to discriminate here. Shun individuals who are loose in their morals or theory.

Keep entirely away from bad company, for you cannot be in it without partaking of its spirit. Shun the resort of the vicious as you would the loathsome haunt of vipers. If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Let not a day pass without consulting your Bibles. Turn not a deaf ear to its denunciations against sin, but think often of the fearful, endless consequences of even sin.

Do not, I pray you, do not trust yourself in the dangerous path of life without religion. On every side there are pits, hidden under the coverings of flowers—horrid pits, presenting on the surface many allures, but really pits of destruction. Know you, that pure and undefiled religion is that alone which can preserve you. Think, O think, what an awful thing it is to live! endless bliss or eternal woe hang on every breath. Read the parable of the talents, and there you will learn that God holds you accountable not for what you actually do, but for what you might do. He will require his own with interest. Seek carefully to have your account balanced by faith in the merits of Christ's death, which shall be reckoned to you for righteousness. Live not alone for yourself and the present, and the mature Christian, revival hymns? Are not these in our hymn book? Is there not a sufficient variety, at least for the present? Then why present others, and call them revival hymns? "par excellence," just as though we have none of that class? When men speak of making up "revival sermons," and collecting revival hymns, I open my eyes and ask, have we lived so long, preached so much, and sung so devoutly without any revival sermons or hymns? These collections, so far as they have come under my notice, have had but little to recommend them except what was already in our standard hymn book. They are not good for the soul, nor for the body, nor for the spirit.

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